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Series: [Fic War entries 1 \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Small entries for a fic war on tumblr. Just small moments between Joyce and Hop. Trying to adjust to being a new couple.

1. Grocery Shopping

Summary for the Chapter:

"The poor make arrangements"

"Why do you buy all your food at the beginning of the month? Why not buy it as you need it?" Hop asked, parking in front of the grocery store.

Joyce looked at her hands. "You buy at the beginning of the month when you get paid, make it stretch all month."

He reached over and took her hand. "I'm sorry Joyce. But you know, you don't have to worry about that anymore."

"I know. It's just my system, you know?" He grabbed her hand, kissed the back of it.

"Let's go buy a gross amount of junk food." He smiled.

Joyce meticulously priced things. Price versus quantity. Jim stood, shifting his weight from foot to foot as he watched her. "Joyce, just grab stuff, please. I don't wanna spend all day in here."

He stood beside her, bent low. "Baby you don't have to be so particular anymore."

Joyce looked up at him with cold eyes. "You know I can shop alone." She said flatly. "If I'm annoying you."

"Baby, I'm sorry." He said, reaching for her hand as she walked away. "Joycie, I'm sorry!"

She turned, tears welling up in her eyes. "I've got this. I've been budgeting for years and years. I don't need your help!"

"Shh shhh." He said, pulling her close. "I'm sorry, I'm an idiot. I understand. Let's finish shopping."

2. Superbowl Party

Callahan and Powell met at Hopper's cabin for the big day. Jane was gone for the night to stay at the Wheeler's. She, Max, and all of the boys were having a massive sleepover and he was proud they didn't assemble at his place.

The coffee table was piled high with pizza boxes and bowls of chips and dip, everyone nursing a beer or a soda as they crowded around the new big screen Hop had splurged on the day before.

"Nice tv, Chief!" Powell commented. "Yeah, she's a beauty, ain't she?"

A knock on the door startled him and he opened it to find Joyce standing there. "Hey Joycie, come on in! I didn't think you'd wanna watch with us."

"I watched you play all the time in high school. Besides, I heard you were gonna have food." She smiled.

He motioned towards the pile of pizza. "Yeah, chow down!"

Joyce fell asleep before halftime, burrowed into Jim's side. The boys kept their cheering down to a minimum but one particular touchdown drove the three men into cheers. She stirred, moaned slightly against his side.

He stood, picked her up like a child and carried off to his room. He lay her gently on the bed, tugged off her shoes and tucked her in. "Goodnight, Joycie." He said gently, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

3. Along the Sidewalk

Summary for the Chapter:

Cutesy artsy fun

It had been a spur of the moment thing. He bought the sidewalk chalk before he even realized that his nor Joyce's house had any sidewalk or concrete anywhere around.

So it was decided, the station needed a little brightening up.

It was no time before Will and Jane had the sidewalk in front of the station rainbow colored. Jim and Joyce strolled along the sidewalk, looking over the kid's artwork. "Hey what's with the empty space?" Jim asked. "We left a spot for you two to draw!" Jane chirped.

"Nah kid, I don't draw." Jim replied. Joyce was already sprawled out on her belly, drawing a giant heart in pink chalk. "Get down here." She said. "Draw a police car or something."

He made a disapproving noise. Joyce stood up, brushing pink chalk from her hands.

"It's missing something." He observed. "What? It's just a heart." She replied.

He grabbed a blue chalk from the box, kneeled in the grass and wrote JH & JB inside the heart. "Just like the one I carved in the tree out on lover's lane."

Joyce lightly elbowed him, gave him a sweet smile.

4. Oh, thank god. I thought you were serious for a second there.

Jim wandered to Joyce's for the third time that week for dinner, and he was running late. Again. On Joyce's day off she tutored Jane, and today Jane had been with her since six that morning.

Joyce's face was serious when she opened the door. "Joyce I'm sor-"

"You're always late, aren't you?" She said flatly.

"I got tied up at work."

"Jane may as well be mine, since I spend my entire off days with her."

"I'm sorry Joyce!"

"You know my hands are full enough with Will and Jon."

"I said I'm sorry!"

"Things are hard enough on a single mother."

He was nearly pleading. "I'll do better Joyce just please, this is so good for Jane. Getting to spend time with your boys and their group and things. And you're helping her with her education so much and you're so much smarter than me, you're teaching her so much."

Her face split into a wide smile. "See, compliments aren't so hard are they? It's like pulling teeth, trying to get one out of you! I'm just yanking your chain, Jane is no trouble at all."

He rolled his eyes at her. "Oh, thank god. I thought you were serious for a second there." He said with a relieved sigh.

"So, I'm smarter than you, huh?"

"Always have been. Only reason my grades were good enough to keep me on the team were because of you."

"You're a smart man yourself, buttering up your babysitter." She

teased.

"I know when to be honest to a beautiful woman."

"Wow, you really are sorry for being late, aren't you?"

He crossed the room to her, put his arm around her waist and pulled her close for a kiss. "You're a saint, Joyce."

5. Surprise Baby

When he didn't hear from her or see her all day, Jim began getting worried. Usually she'd stop by on her lunch break or call him during the day, just to see how his day was going. But nothing today. So he resolved to stop by her house after work.

Later that day when he showed up at her door, Will let him and Jane in to visit a very, very sick Joyce.

"You look awful, kid." He commented as he looked her over. She lay on the couch curled up under a blanket, a wastebasket next to her. She was as pale as she could be.

"She's been puking since this last night." Will filled him in.

Jim lay his big hand across her forehead but it was clammy, no fever. "Have you been able to keep any liquids down?" He asked.

"No." She croaked. "Can't keep anything down."

"How many times have you thrown up?"

"Like, five." She said, scrunching up her face in thought. "Woke up at six to puke." When he reached out to take her slender hand she shook like a leaf in his grip.

"Come on kids, we're taking her to the hospital." He said to Will.

Together they helped her dress. She was unsteady on her feet so Hop elected to lift her and carry her like a child out to his truck.

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Waiting felt like forever as they ran their tests on her. She vomited again in the wastebasket while they were waiting with Hop holding back her hair. The children watched the pair with concern in their eyes.

"I think you've got a virus but you're definitely dehydrated." He observed. "They need to give you a bag or two of fluids."

The nurse began asking Joyce questions. Do you feel safe at home? Do you have thoughts of hurting yourself? When the symptoms started, what symptoms she had. Any pain? Last period. Could she be pregnant?

Joyce's eyes flitted to Hopper then her face flushed when she remembered her youngest son was in the room with them. "I doubt it." She said, answering the last question.

Within the next hour she was given fluids from an IV. Hop's suspicions were right, she was dehydrated. She threw up again when Hop was fast enough to grab the trashcan and pull back her hair.

The doctor finally arrived, clipboard in hand. "Ms. Byers, you don't have a virus." He informed her. His eyes moved to observe Hopper and Will sitting at her bedside. "Actually, I have good news. Joyce, you're pregnant. We're thinking six weeks."

Her eyes grew wide, immediately filling with tears. Jane and Will looked from her to Hop, their minds putting two and two together as he crossed the room to sit on the bed next to Joyce. He slid his arm around her shoulders and she buried his face in his chest.

"Congratulations." The doctor commented. "I'll send the nurses by when your IV finishes and you can head home. Start a prenatal vitamin as soon as possible and see your doctor. We're prescribing you a nausea medicine as well."

Joyce sobbed against his shirt and he tried to reign in how he felt. A baby?

"I'm too old to have another baby!" She fretted. "Having Jon and Will were such rough pregnancies, and I was young then!" Jim held her face close to his chest, rubbed her back in soothing circles while he tried to form what he wanted to say.

Jane, having recently gotten 'the talk' when she started her period, looked between the two of them. "So you....?" Jim rolled his eyes. "Yes, we did."

Jim hugged her tight, placed kisses in her hair. "I'm sorry, Joycie." He

said. "We were so careful." He said referring to the condoms they had been so religious in using. "I'm right here, every step. In any which direction you want."

She mumbled something. "What baby?" He said leaning down to hear her better when she spoke lowly enough the kids couldn't hear her. "Just because you're a Hopper doesn't mean we had to make like rabbits." He snorted, kissed her forehead.

Will looked pale now, frightened and Joyce noticed. "It's okay, Will. I'm going to be just fine."

"But the baby is making you sick."

"I was sick with you and Jonathan too. Very sick. I just thought I was too old to get pregnant again." She said ruefully. "So....do we hope for a boy or a girl?" She asked.

Will and Jane answered differently, Will wanting a boy and Jane a girl. Joyce looked up at Jim with expectant eyes. "And you?"

He shrugged. "I don't care so long as it, and especially you, are healthy." He said, kissing her forehead again and lacing his fingers through hers. "Tonight Jane and I are staying over so I can see to it you get a good nights rest. We have a lot to discuss tomorrow." He said, hand finding it's way to her midsection. "Like who is moving in with who."

He stroked her belly under her shirt. "Hello there baby Johnny."

"No!"

"George?"

"No!"

"June?"

"No!"

"Willie?"

"No!"

"Lynn?"

"No!"

"Merle?"

"Ew, no!"

6. A Good Man

It was a habit now. A tradition since Jonathan left for college. Every friday night Jane and Jim Hopper spent the night at the Byers' house to watch movies and eat pizza. And every friday night around midnight they would say their goodnights and depart for their cabin.

But this friday was different.

The snow was halfway up Joyce's front door.

Hop shot Joyce an apologetic look. "I hate to impose Joycie-" She quickly brushed away his apology. "Nonsense, you two are always welcome here!"

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Even with the extra heaters, the house was still as cold as a tomb. She tucked Jane into Jonathan's old bed, heaped her with extra blankets, as she did with Will. With both children tucked in, she walked back into the living room to find Hop awkwardly hanging about the couch. "If you've got an extra blanket I'll just crash here-"

She took him by the hand, lead him back to her room. "Don't act like we've never shared a bed before, James." She teased.

Once she coaxed him into bed, he lay on the very edge of the bed, his back to her. The blankets stretched between them, causing a pocket of cold air. "You know if you'd come closer, we could actually get warm." Joyce complained, tugging on the blanket. "There doesn't have to be four feet of distance between us, you know." She scooted closer to him, wrapped her arm around his middle. "Jesus, you're warm."

He slid from the bed, stood with his back to her. "Jim, now you're being silly. Get back in bed, I'll give you space if you want it."

"Joyce, I can't do this." He said glumly.

"Can't do what?"

"I can't lay here close to you, it's too intimate." She snorted in

response. "Well that's never stopped you with me or any other woman." She said, amused.

He turned around, looked at her sternly. She could see his breath as well as her own in the darkened room. "Joyce, can't you see?"

She squinted at him in the darkness. "See what?"

"I love you, Joyce." She let out a relieved sigh. "Come to bed, you bug dummy. I love you too."

"No Joyce, I mean it. I'm in love with you and I'm trying to fight it."

Joyce lay back on her back, took a deep breath.

"And you're fighting it because?"

"I'm no good for you."

She sighed again, crawled to the edge of the bed and grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down to sit on the bed.

"If you think you're any less than the greatest man in the world to me, then you're mistaken." She said against his ear. "It's about time you came around and admitted you love me." She said before she placed a kiss to the side of his face. "Now get back in this bed so I can kiss you proper and we can keep each other warm."

He shot her a look of pure amazement as she guided him to the middle of the bed, pushed him to lay back. "You're a good man, Jim Hopper. I just wish you'd let yourself see it." She said, turning his face so she could kiss him full on. "I've always loved you, Jim. It's about time you came back to me."

He gave her a desperate, hungry kiss. "I love you, Joyce."

"I know." She smiled, burrowing under his arm to lay her head on his chest.